SUNDAY ADVERTISER

WALTER G. SMITH - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR

SUNDAY - - - - - - - - - JULY 7

EARTHQUAKES.

As a usual thing earthquakes are very light on Oahu and not only light but few and far between. One occurred the other night which was termed relatively severe, yet it did not wake all the sleepers. This temblor seems to have been felt throughout the group and it was coincident with a flow of lava in the crater of Halemaumau. It would seem as if the giant heave of subterranean forces towards the volcanic outlet had shaken the earth just as the strain of a great steam pump, suddenly starting, would shake the building which it occupied.

Happily the volcanic vent was open to relieve the pressure, else the earthquake might have tested the high buildings of this town. That is the trouble in California. Shasta and Mount Whitney have been clogged for ages, as have the sovereign volcanic peaks of Oregon and Washington. So when the earthquake forces expand, the ground shakes and cracks and the air smells of sulphur. A volcano like Kilauea in each of the three coast states would be a godsend. For lack of it the coast is a plaything of the Fates.

It may be fairly said that Hawaii is safer from seismic assault than are any of the territories bordering the Pacific with the possible exception of China. In the maps this region is placed outside the earthquake belt. We know of no other guarantees of its safety than that a volcano is in working order here, that the islands are so honeycombed that the pressure of gases easily dissipates itself and that each island, in its shape, is pyramidal. It is comforting to know that the meles of the natives, which take account of all the great events in Hawaii for ages past, contain no legends of destructive earthquakes.

The White Man in the Tropics

New York Sun.

Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun in his "Mastery of the Pacific," in urging Englishmen to colonize and develop Canada and British Columbia, says that they will no doubt turn their attention in that direction when the glamour of Africa has faded and they decide to sacrifice no more valuable lives "in a vain attempt to surmount climatic difficulties."

This idea that the white man cannot acclimate himself in some parts of the tropics runs through most of the economic literature that deals with the lands of the brown and the black men. The theory has even been advanced that the white men will ultimately be overwhelmed and subjugated in their own countries by the dark hued races because these thrive in the white man's country as well as in their own. But there is one high authority on the treatment of tropical diseases—perhaps the highest, judged by his achievements—who believes that the white man can surmount the climatic difficulties of any tropical country, reside, flourish and do the day's work there, whether it be empire building or canal digging. That eminent authority is Colonel William C. Gorgas of the United States Army, who banished yellow fever from Havana and made the terrible Canal Zone habitable. In his address at the graduation exercises of the Cornell University Medical College on Wednesday last Colonel Gorgas, looking into the future, held out the promise of the supremacy of the white man's civilization in the tropics:

"I am inclined to think that the advances made in recent years in tropical sanitation will have a much wider and more far reaching effect than freeing Havana from yellow fever or enabling us to build the Panama Canal. I think that sanitation can now show that any population coming into the tropics can protect itself against disease by measures that are both simple and inexpensive; that life in the tropics for the Anglo-Saxon will be more healthful than in the temperate zones; and that gradually within the next two or three centuries tropical countries, which offer a much greater return for man's labor than do the temperate zones, will be settled by the white races, and that again the centers of wealth, civilization and population will be in the tropics, as they were in the dawn of man's history, rather than in the temperate zones as at present."

We should like to hear from that other eminent parasitologist, Sir Patrick Manson, on this fascinating subject. He has labored in a field perhaps more deadly than is the isthmus of Panama, and his researches and experiments have been of incalculable value to science. He has not, however, had the opportunities to organize health in the tropics on an extensive scale with a generous government to support him that have come to Colonel Gorgas. What the latter says about the rapid advances made in recent years in tropical sanitation must be understood as referring chiefly to the treatment of disease, with regard to which the British Tropical School of Medicine and the German faculty have made valuable discoveries. The most fatal and formidable of all tropical diseases, the sleeping sickness, which claims men of all colors in vast numbers and until now has defied the resources of science, seems likely to yield to a serum that is the invention of a German doctor. With this horror subdued the field will be fairly won and nothing can stay the march of sanitation in the tropics. From the medical man's point of view there will remain no more worlds to conquer, but before the resplendent dream of Colonel Gorgas can be realized by white men a good deal of soldiering as well as pioneering will have to be done, which is another story, and also a story that only two or three centuries can tell.

Saharan Caravans Gone

All the routes that trade has followed for ages across the larger part of the Sahara controlled by France are now open to the traveller, who may go on his way with a feeling of security, for he knows he will not be molested by bandits. The paths from well to well are absolutely secure. Within the last two years two French professors, Gautier and Chudeau, each without weapons and each accompanied only by a guide and a servant, have crossed the desert along different routes from Algeria to the Sudan without an accident or a menace. On all the routes pushing northward through the wastes to Algeria and Tunis millions of dollars worth of commodities have passed to and fro. But the trade is dead. Not a caravan is now using these routes. There are two good reasons for the remarkable transformation.

M. Gautier met a large number of the nomad Ifora-Tuaregs, but he did not see a caravan on his way. A while ago Captain Fly Sainte-Marie led a party across the wide Erg Igidi, west of the Tuat oases. Several of the caravan routes from the Mediterranean to the Sudan are traced through that belt of desert. On his map he shows six of them through the Erg all of which were once largely used and all converged on Taodeni, formerly the great salt and slave market in the heart of the western Sudan. Here are the oases, uninhabited, but rich in water and grass, where the caravans used to feed and rest their pack animals. There are five of these green places in the desert, and Fly Sainte-Marie visited them all. He found old traces of the camps where thousands of camels had been pastured. He found one new trace, about two weeks old, the track of two camels and only one man travelling northward. This was the only evidence of human activity he saw. In seventy-one days of travel, during which he covered 2300 kilometers, he saw no other sign of human life.

Tinduf, a little further west, has almost completely disappeared. Lenz found it in the eighties the most flourishing town he saw in the Sahara, the great collecting place of the trade between Morocco and the Sudan, the largest slave mart in the desert. Here the negroes of the Sudan were herded, a part of them to go on to Morocco and the remainder to be sent further east to be traded for salt at Taodeni and then scattered far and wide among the oases. Both these places are now mostly in ruins and have no commercial significance. The transsaharan traffic has been wiped out, and it has been done by the French while they were making its routes secure. There will still be an active and a growing trade between the oases and the fertile regions north and south of the desert, but the French say themselves that there is no prospect of the revival of the through commercial routes across the Sahara.

The two agencies that brought about this great change are the complete suppression of the slave trade and the multiplication of steam routes of communication in the Sudan. There is no further use for camel caravans between the western Sudan and the western Mediterranean States. The transportation of slaves was a large and very profitable feature of that trade, but this commerce has been wholly wiped out. The legitimate trade is following the line of least resistance opened by the progress of material civilization.

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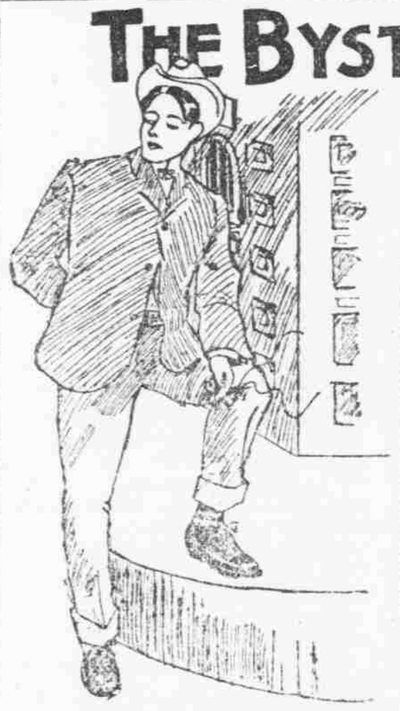
THE BYSTANDER



Seminow's Visit.
The Princely Santa Claus.
Henshall's Little Joke.
Have You Sued Cohen?
Berger's New March.
Jap Sarcasm.
And the Fee Took Wings.
Learning Useful English.
The Minister Rebuked.
Purser and Passenger.

I wonder what Lt. Col. Seminow of the Russian Army intelligence department was doing for some days in Honolulu. I can't say that he was after information, for he seemed to have all that was going when he landed. He knew the depths of harbors, the number of troops here, the number of Japanese and Hawaiians, the number of guns available and expected here, the sites of proposed fortifications, the local food supply—more, in fact, than any Honolulu newspaper could tell off-hand. The only particular inquiries I heard of his making were about Sam Johnson's real name. And this he didn't find out. The secret is tangled up in Sam's own bosomsky and no Russian official can drag it forthoff.

The Russian is a young fellow, scarcely thirty, I should say, but he went through the late war and caught a bullet in his leg. He has respect for the Japanese as fighters but he criticises their lack of originality. In war, he says, they copy their strategy as well as their organization from foreign models; and if a scheme once works well they repeat it over and over again. Their movements in the war with Russia, said Colonel Seminow, might have been made under the orders given during their war with China. In both conflicts the strategy was the same; and in the first instance its general principles were "made in Germany."

Colonel Seminow had the cheerful nerve, while here, to call on Prince Fushimi.

"Did you find it cold in Manchuria?" asked the Prince affably.

"No, Your Highness, we found it too warm," was the witty reply.

Then the Prince smiled so that he could feel a wrinkle gather in the back of his neck.

I watched to see whether the memory of the Prince's generous gifts when he was here before would oil the wheels of our hospitality. But it didn't. There was no special effort of the haoles to get into the good graces of the Prince, not even of the British who are now allies of the little brown men and officially proud of it. Acting Governor Jack had, of course, an official duty to perform and the result was a gift which he holds in escrow until he goes out of office, when, of course, there will be no question of his right to accept it. The package looks as if it held Satsuma or cloisonne ware but it may contain lemons. The other time Jack got a silver tea-service and the Governor an infamous temptation, as Johnny Martin would say, in the form of a punch-bowl. All the gifts known to have been made this time by the Prince are not quite up to the quality of those he gave the other time. But that may be accounted for by the fact that Fushimi was outward-bound before and was carrying a fresh line of samples. Now he is homeward bound with empty trunks.

Editor George Henshall does not appear to have changed greatly but I wonder if he has the same propensity for practical joking which he had once. I remember his painting the leather band inside the hat of one of the officials of the Circuit Court with indellible ink one day, and then remarking sotto voice, "What a pleasant surprise he will get the next warm day, when that ink gets a little moist."

It is certainly to be hoped that his sojourn in the country has been of assistance to him and that his personal dignity will have been increased to such a degree that he will never try any more of these innocent jokes.

"When in doubt, sue Cohen." The genial Joe is being sued so regularly that the pastime has become a fad. The blowpipe men and sheepskin-pounders of the band are after him and any number of other people. Joe says he has lately been sued by a bandboy who didn't go on the famous tour at all and that he is living in expectation that Madame Alapai will sue him for not taking her. There are some signs, he adds, that Salt Lake City will sue him for taking Berger there twice. Joe is so used to it now that he regards the suits philosophically and when he has any spare time he figures on matching those creditors in a free fight, biting allowed in the clinches, he to settle all the claims with the survivor at a quiet little game. It looks feasible.

Speaking of Berger reminds me that he is beginning work on a Frear March. He had a "Sandford" B. Dole March which was almost as good as the spelling of that Governor's first name. Then came the "O you Governor Carter March," which fairly lammed the empyrean. What Berger will do for Governor Frear is not precisely known, but I am told that part of the libretto has been started this way:

Governor Frear, Governor Frear
.....steer
.....beer
.....here

Berger, having achieved the rhyme has only to fill in the antecedent clauses and the thing will be ready for a musical katzenjammer on inauguration day.

I have noticed by the papers that a Rev. Dr. Day was in town and learn that he is the father of the young minister who came down on the Manchuria on the trip on which she spent some weeks at Waimanalo. He, the younger man, told a good story on himself while here. It seems that he was over on Hawaii and was taking a long tramp when he found that he had run out of tobacco and had nothing with which to fill his pipe.

Pretty soon he passed a little pake store and went in, saying: "John, have you got tobacco?"

The heathen looked at him with tearful eyes and in a kindly voice answered: "Me no have got. Me no smloke. Me no dlink. Me Clistian."

Some of the Japanese who surged around Charley Chillingworth's office last night pawning their baggage for the twenty-five dollars they will have to show the immigration inspector at Vancouver think that they will have to have a better working knowledge of English for the north than they have here. One of them was observed squatting on the postoffice lanai yesterday afternoon and crooning over a lesson from a Japanese-English phrase book. He had the idea all right, for what he was singing over and over to himself was the question and answer: "Do you like beer? Yes, I like beer."

It was a shabby trick that Washington played on Orator Douthitt and E. M. Watson yesterday in cabling an order allowing the Kumeric stowaways to land. Not only did it prevent the learned gentlemen from getting a splendid advertisement but it knocked a big, fat fee right out of their hands. The two had worked from early morn to noon in preparing the papers for habeas corpus proceedings, their Portuguese clients hanging around and making a noise like ready money, which was to be handed over as soon as the papers were served. From court to court flew the attorneys and all was ready, the papers prepared to hand over to the waiting Portuguese, when that cable arrived and the Portuguese were informed.

Just as the last one was disappearing in the direction of Punchbowl, Douthitt dashed after him.

"Here you are. Everything is fixed up now," he exultantly shouted, but

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Commercial News

By Daniel Logan.

From the viewpoint of the sugar industry the labor situation is perhaps as unsatisfactory as it has been at any time for twenty years past. Here is a steamship just arrived with about 1200 people from the Portuguese possessions in the Atlantic, which, under hastiest dispatch, departs with 1500 Japanese laborers for British Columbia. Another steamship just arrived en route across the Pacific will take several hundred more of the same nationality, and, in lesser but yet steady stream, the Japanese labor has been draining away for months past. More are arriving by almost every steamer from Japan but, taken as a whole, the Japanese are now using Hawaii more as a stepping stone to the mainland than a place where they can make a living and, incidentally, furnish the sugar planters with a steady supply of labor. Notwithstanding the arrival of three steamships with from 3600 to 4000 Portuguese and Spanish labor settlers, within a few months past, the net result of the inward and outward movement of agricultural labor is probably a decrease of population. Many Portuguese have also left, including even some of those arrived within the year. To the interests of the community apart from sugar, too, the financial outcome of this state of affairs is injurious, as it means a drain of money from the islands. Very little money is brought in by labor immigrants, while the laborers departing take a large aggregate of wealth away besides the many thousands of dollars they pay for passage—the grand total being a heavy draft on local circulation.

There is a redeeming feature on the face of things, however, which consists of the appearance of a transition in progress from transient—or perhaps the better word is loose-footed—labor to labor settled on the land. One of the thriftiest elements in the whole of Hawaii's population today is the large proportion of Portuguese who arrived and of these people the plantations have until now retained a considerable number who have become highly trained in the industry. A goodly number, including children of those early comers, are making independent livelihoods in various industries and trade. Altogether the Portuguese colony has become so well established in these islands as to regard them as its home, a fact made pleasingly clear by the frequent return of Portuguese from the Pacific Coast, instead of going farther afield, after finding that land of promise not up to their expectations. It is therefore a fair presumption that the European labor settlers brought here by recent special effects will likely, in great proportion, make Hawaii their home and that they and their children will become a useful element in building up and maintaining American self-government in this Territory.

Allied with the apparent transition above-mentioned, and inevitably contributing to a future condition in which Hawaii's population will be mainly one of citizens, is the colonization policy of both public and private impulse which has got well under way. With increased means granted by last Legislature the Government promises to make a record far surpassing any previous one in the settling of public lands divided into homesteads of ample area for successful sub-tropical agriculture. An inviting mainland market for a variety of products to which Hawaiian soil and climate are congenial is a perpetual stimulus to this policy. Among the more notable exemplars of private cooperation in land settlement are Jas. B. Castle and associates. Their latest evidence of sincerity in this respect came out at a meeting of the Board of Immigration, a few days ago, in correspondence between Jas. A. Low, manager of Honolulu plantation on furlough, and F. B. McStocker of Mr. Castle's interests, the former writing from Vladivostok. The gist of the whole matter is that the Castle interests hold out strong inducements to Russian colonists from the Eriwan district—a highly moral and industrious class of people—to settle upon the rich lands of the Kona district.

Going back to the labor situation, an item of not unwelcome news just published is that of the recruiting of twenty-five families of Filipinos for plantation work in Hawaii. As two small detachments of Philippine natives are giving satisfaction on Olaa plantation, any good selection of labor from that American possession ought to be welcome.

SUGAR AND STOCKS.

A drop in the sugar market, from the advance noted last week, can hardly be said to account for an almost barren week of stock sales, as the decline followed three almost blank sessions of the Exchange. At 3.835 cents a pound, $76.70 a ton, 96 degree test centrifugals are eighty cents in the ton less than a week ago, and European beets at a parity of $80 a ton have fluttered down to an equal extent. Yet the latest beet quotation shows a recovery from the one before. Sales recorded for the week by the Honolulu Stock & Bond Exchange have been these: Olaa ($20), 245 at 3.25; McBryde ($20), 50 at 4.75; O. R. & L. Co. ($100), 30, 50 at 93.50; H. C. & S. Co. ($100), 30 at 81.50; Ookala ($20), 6 at 9; Oahu Sugar Co. ($20), 15 at 24; Ewa ($20), 17 at 25.25. The greater portion of this small amount of business was listed yesterday.

LAND MATTERS.

Nine lots for mountain residence sites on Tantalus were sold at auction by Land Commissioner Pratt on Monday. They ranged in size from about 56,000 square feet to about 9000 square feet, and brought from $551 to $83.

Late recordings include deed from S. C. Allen estate to Lewers & Cooke, 1210 square feet land on Merchant street, Honolulu, $1850; deed from Jas. S. B. Mackenzie to Daibhidh Mackenzie, lot in Mackenzie Settlement Association tract, North Hilo, $3500; deed from Kapiolani Estate, Ltd., to Henry Van Giesen, land in S. Kona, $2500; deed from Susannah Collins and husband (D.) to F. A. Schaefer, School street property, $5000; deed from Henry Waterhouse Trust Co., Ltd., to Mary Warne, premises at Kapahulu, Honolulu, $4250.

A special cablegram to the Advertiser from Washington, July 1, says: "Notwithstanding denials the Government is apparently moving to make Honolulu a great naval base and have the entire battleship fleet in the Pacific next year."

Citations out of the U. S. District Court were issued yesterday to all having interests in the Queen Emma estate, eleven in number, for the condemnation, for the use of the War Department, of 411.6 acres of land at Punloa, at Pearl Harbor entrance, together with fishery rights covering an area of 685 acres—the respective valuations being $28,285 and $7500, a total of $35,785.

Working plant is being placed on the ground for the construction of fortifications at Diamond Head.

Captain Otwell of the U. S. A. Engineers, in charge of harbor improvements, lighthouses and fortifications in Hawaii, has had detailed to his assistance S. F. Burbank, a civil engineer.

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Small Talks

BROKER HARRY JOHNSTON—There go 1500 good, strong sake boozers.

CHARLIE CHILLINGWORTH—I have been so busy that I haven't had a meal for 24 hours.

MANAGER HERTSCHE—We are going to blast all the coral from the beach at the Moana Hotel.

COL. CHARLIE M'CARTHY—I am not responsible for the present liquor law. My bill was defeated.

GOVERNOR ATKINSON—I'm glad those 1500 Japanese are not taking the country away with them.

M. F. PROSSER—The clubs of the Eastern cities have become great hotels. Cosiness has gone from them.

MR. OGILVIE—I have knocked around these islands for years and I know that everything can be grown on them. The trouble is to get transportation.

E. P. CALKINS—The growing of Bermuda lilies is becoming a recognized industry here. It was started, I think, by Robertson, formerly of the Maui News.

TOM O'DOWDA—When Squires was in Honolulu his friends took particular pains to emphasize the fact that he had no Irish blood in him. Well, now I believe it.

F. F. FYLER—When it comes to furnishing orators for Punahou College commencements, I think, San Diego, Cal., has the record. It supplied four of them in five years.

MANAGER SMITH—The Dairymen's Association doesn't send buttermilk down town because some people drink too much of it, get sick and then complain of its quality. There is no purer buttermilk anywhere but many people can't take the beverage at all.

"I suppose it's the dry weather that makes the golf links so withered, isn't it?" "No, it's the language, my dear."—Sketchy Bits.